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# 345,468 WORLDS

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

May 7th, 1889 After a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newsdeal ers' Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the recointed hills from various Paper Companies which sannly the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the todorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and carrify, that there were PRINTE. and ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the Month o March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUN DRED and NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED and TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE

WORLD W. A. CAMP, Manager N. Y. Clearing-House. O. B. BALDWIN, President American Loan and T. Co. THOS. L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM: 81) 10, 709, 520 (345,468

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the Month of March last was 345,468.

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the last Six Months: 342,206.

LET THERE BE DARKNESS.

How long must this horror go on? How many innocent, houest, helpless men must be tortured to death before the law shall be fulfilled? How long shall crowds of people, with blanched faces and sick hearts, stand in the city streets watching men fried and frizzled alive upon the electric gridirons in mid-air? Is New York one great inquisition chamber?

The sight which for an hour was yesterday held before thousands of eyes at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets was a horrible emphasis of Mayor Grant's ringing edict light companies. It was the nau-enting. blood-curdling climax to a long series of what have been politely termed "accidents." They are nothing of the kind. They are crimes-crimes against the law, crimes against human pity, crimes whose perpetrators have gone on committing them, in the face of incessant warning.

What was the motive? 'Gain. Who are the guilty ones? The officers of the electric light companies, who to save the pattry cost the notices served upon them that they were in constant violation of it. They have been bold and brazen in their neglect, and who is paying the penalty? Not they.

Whose lives and whose sufferings have been given in exchange for their nasty ga ns ? Not theirs.

There is no excuse these men can offer. To shunt from their own shoulders the burden of this awful responsibility they have set up the cry that the subways are not ready. When we think of the sufferings of vester

day's victim, and of the seven who have preceded him within a little while, such pleading is paltry. If the subways are not ready, let us have darkness rather than this death carnival. These corporations have fattened long enough in violation of the law. Let the Mayor put a stop to it. The people

of New York will hold up his hands and speed him in his work, though they grope in to al darkness for a twelvemouth.

The law forbids overhead wires. Stop the currents and down with them. Someboly is guilty of yesterday's tragedy-guilty as though he had slain the unfortunate himself.

### UNE WAY OF DOING IT.

A California Indian, out of regard for his sick brother, shot and killed a no account medicine man who, while attending the patient and putting in his bill with great punctuality, tailed to effect a cure.

If that summary custom should spread Eastward, what a clearing out there would be in all the schools of pall-mixers. It would stop the wrangling of the "pathies" in a hurry, and, the chances are, save ten lives for every one it took.

### THE UNPAILING RESORT.

Now, when every voice in Virginia is crying "Down with Manone," and every heart in Virginia is full of hope that the Boss may be dethroned, there is a clinking and a clank ing. The Republican enginery of boodle savior of so many fortorn hopes, has been ordered thither by President BEN and is being unlimbered, and Quar is in command. Fate may smile yet on BILL MARONE, as HARmison has done.

We have heard in soug and story of the One of the necklaces is worth \$600,000. Arab's desert steed, of the charger as ride

along like a sunbeam with a whooping Aborigine across his back.

Put away all those poesies. We live in an age of dollars and sense, and the trotter Axtell is the greatest horse ever foaled. He brought \$105,000 yesterday.

The gas reservoir of Republican campaign orators in Ohio has collapsed in a night. MURAT HALSTEAD has withdrawn his charges against the Democratic candidate, and admits that in pronouncing them he went off half primed.

MURAT has been groggy ever since that Senstorial cross-counter in the Berlin business. The Republicans of Chio will be content to have him stand off in his corner and spar for wind.

Just to think that he should need it.

BARNUM sailed for England to-day with his big show. Dollars to doughnus he has the Prince of Wales trying to ride the trick mule, and Queen Victoria playing fat lady on a a week after he lands. These foreign potentates want to lie low white Phineas is in their midst.

A Detroit jury, investigating corruption in the City Council, subpaensed four judges of the Circuit Court. In the West a man in ermine is a man just the same. That is, if he be a man.

British miners in national conference are erving for an eight-hour day. There are American miners no further West than Illinois who will not ask for shorter days if they can get enough for themseives and families

BOULANGER says he was willing to suffer defeat to save France from a revolution. Now France is rather partial to revolution, but she was not willing to swallow BOULANGER again, even for the sake of having one.

### SPOTLETS.

A blue law has been resurrected which may close all the Boston bars. It is suspected that this is a part of the anti-Sullivan-for-Congress movement.

So Maryland politicians fought their duel with fists; and the man who had first smashed a slate then smashed his opponent's face.

The fourteen good shots of the Squirrel Club, of Galway, Baratoga County, have just slaughtered over 9,000 of the innocents at their annual hunt.

The Czar was interested in the phonograph, but vas careful not to fill it with explosive remarks.

Mr. Stewart, of Harlem, has a brass ring, a plated watch and the memory of a valuable bunco man, all in place of his own valuables. The exchange was effected under cover of the swindler's loquacity. Saratoga County's new conundrum is, "Why

dicn't they?" The old one was a query whether the Grand Jury, then in session, would indict the gambling-house men at the Springs.

Though not from every trouble free, At least we're tree from some: The fire have almost gone and the Mosquitos cease to hum.—Boston Courier. Lancaster, Ohio, had the novelty, Thursday night of seeing trotting races by natural gaslight.

A Canadian Jury has disagreed in the case of a woman who wanted \$40,000 from her father-in-law on the claim that he induced her to marry his son delivered the day previous to the electric through faise representations as to the latter's wealth

> Pierre (S. Dak.) lots were sold by mocnlight recently. Real estate booms are often moonshiny.

### ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

E. C. Carter, the official bandicapper of the A. A U., is quite a bowler. He has also a strong penchan for game chickens, and has many fine specimens of game fowl at his Jersey farm.

C. T. Wiegand, who won the Eastern States Championships at the hurdles recently, is an adept at billiards, of which he is very fond. "Billy " Roberts, of the Brooklyn Athl

is dubbed 'the "picule flend," owing to his having won so many prizes at picnic games. He is a brilliant perfermer on the plane. Tommey Conneff is considerable of a journalist

He is also the author of a series of articles on athletic training which attracted much attention. He has been in business constantly in a downtown office since the second day he landed on these shores. W. De Forrest Bostwick, the official reporter at the

le was formerly on the staff of the Dublin Sport.

athletic games of the M. A. C., is much liked by the newspaper boys. He is an admirer of boxing and uanly sport of all kinds.

### FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Miss Marian Edison, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the famous inventor, is a slight, stender, graceful giel, with bright brown eyes and seela brown hair. Her manners are beautiful, and she has the air and ease of a mature woman. For the last two years she has been studying in Paris. She speaks four anguages, is a very fair musician, and uses a neucil like a draughtsman. She received her first training from a governess, special teachers were afterwards secured to instruct her in the rudiments, and as a result there is not a trace of the manuish in her manner of thought or action.

The queens of Bohemia, who dote on receiving in the half lights that heaviffy some annex or alcove off the drawing-room, tinge their cars, tips and cyclids with more niedrouse. The effect is quiet Oriental and correspondingly bewitching. Only the kirl with the Daphne head and Cognithian

should easily the eiffel coiffure. A serientine neckiace is the jewel for a woman with the eyes of a siby !.

### POLITICAL ECHCES.

John C. Dodd, who essayed to be the leader of the reorganized Fifth District Republicans, fell under the displeasure of Mr. Theodore Allen, and as a result is "ourside the breastworks." The primary in that district was held last night, and Alien secret all before him and installed Audley J. Mooney as the

It is asserted that Col. John Wesley Jacobus has been assured that he will succeed Gen. Martin T. McMahon as United States Marshal, on the expiration of the latter's term of office next December. MAS was predicted by Tur Evenino Worle, the brewers have declared in favor of returning Senator Charles A. Stadler from the Ninth District, and the anyons of Assemblyman Edward Parker Hagan for the seat is rendered so much more difficult.

Tammany Sall delegates to the several nominating nventions were elected last evening without a hitch in the working of the well-regulated machine

### WORLDLINGS.

Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, editor of the London Tele. graph, is a fine-looking man, smooth shaven and apparently not much more than thirty years of age. In addition to his editorial duties he is a member of Parlisment.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to have the most

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alex which the Crusader rode to the holy wars ander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late and of fleet horse of the plains darting | President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

## HUNTING STORIES, CLARA BELLE LETTER

A Great Opportunity for Votaries of The Lady Cashier Carefully Pictured

Gold Double Eagle Offered for the Best Hunting Story.

Judge Gildersleeve Will Award the Prize.

Another of "The Evening World's" Timely and Popular Contests.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting intest us a timely and interesting feature. The ish story contest created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gan will platform in the museum of wonders, within | prore no less entertaining. The prize-a double gold eagle-sell be given for the best hurting story rubustied.

Judge Henry A. Gildersteere, who is a greaenternan himself, has vensented to not as judge

and award the prize.
They may be an short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address. Husting Story Contest, The Evenino World, New York Cop. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.

### A YANKEE SCHOOLMARM'S SUCCESS.

She Saved All Her Enrologs and Invested Them in Paying Real Estate.

Miss Ida Stowell, the lady who sold the outhers corner of Robert and Fifth streets ast week for \$150,000, furnishes a striking example of "the woman in real estate," says the St. Faul Pionert Press. She is one of the few ladies who within the last few years

the few ladies who within the last few years have made sarge sums of money in the Northwest by operating in lots and lands.

She came to this city from the East several years ago and obtained a position as teacher in one of the public schools at a salary such as is usually paid for such services. Having a keen business instinct, she invested her savings judiciously in real estate, beginning in a small way and turning over her money whenever she saw a good opportunity.

It is said that some one, recognizing the lady's lusiness ability, became interested with her in her deals, but however that may be, on the lat of Decamer, 1887, she was in a position to buy the Robert and Fifth street corner from the Davidsons, and the dea was

orner from the Davidsons, and the dea was made on that day. The amount she paid was \$115,000, so that in less than two years she has rentized a profit of \$35,000. Miss Stowed recipes at the Merchants' Ho-

tel and persons who have any business relations with her say they never met a woman more thoroughly conversant with business methods or more fully alive to her business opportunities.

### PARIS'S LATEST LION.

Mile, Augusta Holmes Now the Latest Lion of Paris.

The lion of the present hour at Paris, says Paris letter to the Pittsburg Press, is Mile. Augusta Holmes, the composer of the 'Triumphal Ode." which was recently renlered in that vast building, the Palais do Undustrie, with 1,200 performers, 800 of whom were ins rumentists, before an audi-

ence of 22,000 people.

The municipal government and the Exposition authorities voted 460,000 expenses to get up the enter-ainment, not a cent of which went to the author, who gave her services

gratuitously.

Mile. Homes, who was born in France of Irish parents, and naturalized after the war of 1870, is also the composer of other celebrated works, such as "Lutece es Argonauts" and "Triumphal Ode" illustrates in music and verse the national glories and resource.

of France, the success of the Exposition, magnifies the Republic and bints openly at the recovery of the lost provinces. A huge stage was erected with marble steps eading up to it, somewhat a ter the engrav-ngs of the Fetes de la Federation. M. ings of the Fetes de la Federation. Colonne directed the band and chorus.

### LOUISVILLE'S QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

she Shows Her Good Taste and Commo Sense by Making Her Own Dresses. The queenly beauty of Miss Barbour Bruce

on the night of the carnival is still, and will be for some time. says the Louisville Post, the subject of conversation, but there is one the subject told which reflects great credit upon this lady.

The gown she were is said to be the finest

conception of its kind ever seen here; origi conception of its kind ever seen here; origi-nal, striking, rich and most supropriate for the occasion. It it had been ordered from the East the cost would have run into many hundred dollars, but it was made right here at home, and by Miss Bruce herself.

It has been told of her for several years, however, that her art and taste in dressmak-ing are at the highest order, but the ball cos-

tume was a supern inspiration at least those who ought to know, the ladies, say it was.

### HIS WIFE HELPS HIM.

Blacksmith Holman's Wife Helps Him at the Forge and Wields a ledge-Hammer. One of the most independent couples in l'albot County are Mr. and Mrs. Holman, who live in the southeast corner of the county, near Howard, says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph: Mr. Holman is engaged at present as a farmer and a blacksmith, and he is a smith of more than ordinary skill. When he need a striker his wife faces him at the anvil and

wields the siedge-hammer, Mr. Holman formerly lived in Tennessee, where he found regular employment as a blacksmith, and his wife was his regular and constant striker.

### STOLEN RHYMES.

Charity Regins at Home She went round and asked suls riptions For the heathen black Expetians And the Terra del Fuegans, She did.

For the tribes 'round Athabasca, And the men of Madagascar, And the poorsonls of Alaska, 80 she did.

She lonced, she said, to buy Jelly cake and jam and pic, For the Authropophagi, to she did

How she loved the cold Norwestian, And the poor half-melled Feedian, And the dear Malacca Islander! She did. She sent tins of red tomato To the tribes beyond the equator, But her husband are potato, so he did.

The poor, helpiess, hoveless thing (353 voice faiters as faine). Tied his clot, es up with a string, Yes, he did.

The Song of the Tramp. I gather here and there a pie, And here and there a biscuit: I anatch a spoon when no one's by, It always pa a to risk it. I sleep at noon where waters flow

To soothe the weary comer.

For men may come and men may go.
But I go on all Summer. I ride beneath the rushing freight From Boston to Chicago; I watch each chance to desecrate The box of wells & Fargo. I sing and whistle as I go— November II find me lonely. For tu November Falls the show—

and Analyzed.

Some Echoes From the Interior of a Beauty Shop.

Gray Hair Very Fashionable and Surprisingly Expensive.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12. WENTY years ago when you wanted to see the "lady cashier" you had to go to Europe. That is written on the authority of a middle-aged man. My recollection runs not so far back. Our The second girls were very nice and exclusive then. But. as that singularly observing Roman author acutely remarked, 'times change," and here we are, before the experiment is fairly of

age, so to speak, with as many lady eashiers as there are in the city of Paris. At least I think there are as many; for although there is not a wine shop or cafe in the Freuch capital which is unsupplied with one of hase highly interesting objects of decoration and use, still the Parisian public continues to exist without soda water, while the enormousness of this business with us, a lady cashier going to each fountain, swells the domestic augregation of lady cashiers to incalculable pro-

The finest sode-water fountains and the finest ody-water lady eachiers in New York are grouped within a comparatively small area about the City Hall square. There are wonderful places in the shopping districts uptown, of course, but in point of size and magnificence the downtown fountains are unparalleled, and the lady cashiers, who handle their enormous revenues, are unspeakably more distinguished than the best specimens that Sixth avenue and upper Broadway afford. I sat half an hour on a settee yesterday, and studied one of the speci-

mens. I use the word "distinguished" advisedly, as the lawyers say of a hard name when they want to rub it in. Nearly all lady cashiers are beautiful, but when it comes to language, bearing, facial expression and all that, there are lady cashiers and lady cashiers. The City Hall Square lady eashiers-I may use the somewhat lumsy term for the purpose of lucid differentiation have hauteur, a London accent and manicured finger-nails. They are duchesses, every ne, in all that is concerned with outward form. I do not think that they are really English,

they are so remarkably pretty, but their breeding has been accomplished upon the most unnistakable and the top-loftiest English lines. It is quite terrible for a diffident man to be obliged to pass in the price of a glass of soda water to them as they sit so wonderfully and awfully in their splendid wicker-work cages. It seems so bold, so vulgarly intrusive and offensive, to lay a nickel down upon the glass plate sefore them and shove the mean little thing in upon their loveliness and privacy. I suspect that many a poor devil has given up his soda water dri king through sheer lack of courage to face the terrors of this sort of thing.

Do you not know, oh, diffident male reader, precisely the sensation? Have you not felt the panic stealing over you as you have stood before the soda-water lady cashier and banded in your five-cent piece? To see her behind her vase of deep red roses caimly reading a novel printed in large text in a broad, pure margin; to behold her attention distracted by the base click of your paltry coin; to suffer the slow, contemptaous sweep of her eyes from her book to your oney and the somewhat spatulous digit behind t: to hear the deliberate music of per bangle as she wearily lifts her hand; to see her own rosy, taper, perfectly cared for finger descend warily and fearfully upon the money, as though it had the small-pox, and send it with singer flip impling into the drawer; and then to observe her renew her novel without even so much as a glance at your own interesting face-do you know anything, oh, diffident eader, that has ever sent you down further and with a colder and more hopeless humiliation into your boots? And you scrubbing your mus tuche with feverish zeal all the while, in order that when the proud and peerless creature ocked you over she might discover no froth upon it !

A BEAUTY SHOP.

But for enrious commercial ladies you need to go, as a girl friend and I did, to one who keeps a beauty shop, and coins money from the sale of er hair restorers, freckie lotions and bloom of outh powders. She was slim, tall and young, with bleached hair, a complexion done up in ersenic a pair of corsets tight enough to squeeze her respiratory organs, and a mole on her left heek from which a tiny bunch of hairs sprouted in harmless huxuriance. Oh, yes; she could renove superflous hair without pain or difficulty. "But why don't you remove the Lair from the

mole on your face?" I asked. "Oh, I could readily enough," she replied: but don't you know it's had buck? My, yesworse than biting your finger nails. conslut be induced to remove those hairs. I wouldn't dare touch them. But you ie; there is to hair on my lip, or about my temples and side face, as there is on yours. If there was I should have it taken off at once.

The superstition about the more didn't affect ne as she intended, and I was suspicious of her goods before I saw them. She took us into what she called the laboratory. It was a dirty, dark room, about fifty feet long, in the rear end of which a small poy was azily wrapping up the preparations for the inwary purchasers. In the bow-window was a table covered with dust and cosmetics, s couple of chairs, and two young girls on whom the goods are tried. The whitewashed madame opened a little stone jar, dipped into the contents the blade of an artist's knife, and brought out as much clay-like powder as the tip would hold. Drawing the little girl to her she pushed her sleeve up, showed us the delicate down on the smooth, round arm, and with the remark, " Now I will show you what it will do, dropped the powder on it, dipped the bisde of the 'mife in the water, and began to paste the stuff over a space about the size of a dime. For about five minutes the waited to let the depilatory powder ' dry in, and while she

waited she talked like a circular. All you need is the powder. Apply it as I did," she said. " and you can remove every bair from your arm and face and hand, if you will only take the time.

'And will it grow again 7" I arked. " On. no."

"Then why don't you sell it to the men and drive all the barbers out of the country ? It is certainly a quicker process than shaving Yes; but you see the hair on a man's face is too wiry to be taken off with the depilatory. "But the hair on a boy's face is not wiry, and,

could make a fortune on college chine alone." "But a man's vanity is partly lodged in his C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

whiskers, and he shaves to make them grow. AMONG THE FUN-MAKERS. STRUCK DOWN AT HIS DESK

don't you see?"
''No: I don't see, because the average man has no whiskers. A mustache requires all his efforts."

However, when the powder dried it was scraped off with the blunt edge of the knife, and with it every particle of hair. Grace was delighted. She cheerfully handed out \$3 for a

package.

"We sell two boxes for \$5," the madame said. 'Do you want two?"
"Of course not," I ventured to dictate. "H

one application wil remove the hair permanently, she doesn't want to lay in a stock for nothing. "But I thought perhaps you yourself might

want a box." "No, not to-day. I will wait and see how my

friend succeeds." That evening we tried the stuff on Grace and came near having a Sullivan and Kilrain en-counter because she insisted on putting the stuff on her lip at once. It is bad enough as it is, but to invigorate the faint blonde mustache was something to be dreaded, and so, after much mouth and tongue athletics. Grace gave way to reason, bared her ankle, and we plastered it with the gray powder. The light hair came off when the stuff was removed. leaving about a dozen patches of vaccination mark pattern on the shanely limb. It was agreed to give the white spots a week's rest, and if at the expiration of that time the hair did not grow out again the mustache was to be powdered, and the bothersome scolding locks about her neck and temples removed.

At the risk of giving herself a cold Grace lived much of the time with her left ankle on exhibition, and wore out a rubber garter suspping it with impatience. We studied the powdered spot with magnifying and opera-glasses, with the naked eye and under the direct cays of the sun To our consternation, we were actually able to see the decapitated capillaries pushing up through the skin and out into the air after the third day. In a week they had doubled in length. We flew back to the madame, showed the spot to her, demanded an explanation and the return of the three dollars, and threatened exposure in court. With the suavity of a French maid she offered to take back the goods, but said it would be wise to give a fair trial and comoly with the directions on the box.

'You can't expect extermination at once. " Repeat the treatment and continue the application for a week, until the roots of the hairs have become weakened, when, of course,

they will cease to grow." Gullible to the last, we bolstered our faith, followed her advice, and to-day Grace has the most comical-looking ankle I ever saw on a mortal. The almost imperceptible hair came out a sort of pale Titian red wherever the depilatory was applied; more than that, it came out dozen hairs to every cell, so that the little widow is literally tarselled over a space of six nches. It is needless to say that the delicate nustache will not be molested.

GRAY HAIR FASHIONABLE. It was in another store that I heard she re-

"I'm sorry, madam, but it is impossible." " Are you sure?"

"It is absolutely out of the question, madam. A slender, rather fresh-faced young matron had left her carriage in front of a Fourteenth treet establishment where time's ravages upon the beauty of the female face are repaired with neatness and celerity, and was discussing a certain matter warmly with the clerk in charge. "But it would become me so much, don't you

"Unquestionably it would, but it cannot be "Are you sure of that? I saw Mrs. Brown esterday with the loveliest gray hair I ever

saw, and she isn't a day older than I am." 'She wore a wig." 'I don't believe it." "But it is true nevertheless," replied the clerk, "and I know it because we made it here."

After the young matron had left the shop the clark turned to the writer with a sigh of relief and observed:

"That is the tenth so far this week." "Tenth what?" I asked. "Tenth miracle-seeker. You have no idea of the craze there is for gray hair. Young women. specially those with fresh complexions, are ib-olutely wild about it. It gives to a face that is not striking a certain effect that must be seen to be appreciated. I don't wonder that the women all envy the owner of a fine head of gray hair. But graying the hair is beyond the hair dresser's art. We can make hair yellow as gold, red as copper, black as a raven's wing and brown as the coat of a deer in winter, but gray is out of our power. We can often make wigs of gray which would defy detection. You remember th late Matthew Arnold's visit to America? When he was in Washington he said, with his necus tomed candor, that he had met there the handsomest woman in the world. She was the wife of ex-Senator Joseph A. McDonald, of Indiana Mrs. McDonald is a slender woman, with flash ing dark gray eyes, a complexion of peacheand cream, and has a wonderful bead of whitish

gray hair. She would be an ordinary looking woman were it not for her hair. " Is there no way of graying the hair by arti-

ficial means " "Yes, but the artifice is transparent. Women can use powder sprinkled over the hair after it is arranged, but unless they have black or very dark brown hair the effect is bad. The man who can invent some other method has a fortune

within his grasp. He opened a few boxes that he took down from a shelf. They were filled with tresses of various colors and of various lengths.

"Here is a fine head of yellow," he said. "It s worth \$10. Here is one of brown that I will sell for half that sum. " "But for one pound of gray or white hair I will pay eight hundred dollars. There is not one woman out of a thousand who has a pound of hair on her head. Women who have half a pound are extremely rare, and most women

only have from three to five ounces. That is not half enough for a wig. Look at these. Here the wigmaker displayed a lot of bunches varying in bulk and length, and of all imaginable tints save white or gray. There were bunches of brown, yellow, black and red. They were worth from three to ten dollars each and represented the entire market value of a woman's head of hair. Such a lot only brought to the owner a bare dollar, or perhaps less.

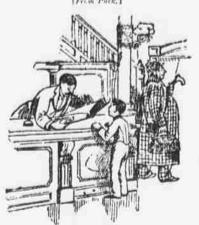
"No," added the wigmaker in conclusio 'I would not advise a young woman to cut off her hair and sell it unless she happens to have either gray or white hair. An ordinary head of hair will not bring as much as will pay for a plain switch, and as for a wig, it will not pay for CLARA BELLE. the making of it. Copyright, 1880,

SUIT Sixil 971d 70 Hood's Siliyaqasikl

The Reviving Effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla on people who have been all run down is really remarkable. It completely overcomes "That Tired Feeling," cure if as you say, one application is sufficient, you Be Sure to Get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by

PLEASANT LITTLE ANECDOTES FROM THE JOKERS' PENS.

No Gazetteer.



Hotel Clerk-I'd have taken my oath that man was an Englishman, and yet he registers from St. Helier, Jersey. Git a guide, Jimmy, and see if it's anywhere near Paterson.

Had Met Them.

Stranger (to bicycle rider)-Are you acquainted with the roads aroundshere, my friend? Bicycle Rider pointing to the scars on his face,-Yes, I've met them quite often.

The "Sassy" Humanitarian.

"She's the sassiest woman I ever applied to for a bite.

"How did you find that out?" "Weil, she offered me cold tomato soup and stale bread, and I said I thought a little cake would do me good."
Well?"

"She said if it was a cake of soap she thought it would."

At the Authors' Club. IFram Life. Brown-Who is that seedy-looking individual

with the long hair? Jones-That is Starvling, the renowned poet. His great masterpiece was published in the last number of Scribbler's Magazinr. Brown-And who is that well-dressed gentle-man who just snubbed him so unmercifully ? Jones—He is also a poet. He writes the adver-tisements for Plum's scap.

Justifiable Homicide. (Fr. m the Somerrille Journal, 1 " How came the jury to acquit the prisoner?" asked the astonished stranger. "The evidence

all went to show, did it not, that he killed the "Yes, "replied the juryman, "but it also appeared in evidence, before you came in that the man he killed always persisted in saying ! Is that so?" whenever anybody told him a bit of news." His One Accomplishment.

[From Lite.]

"My young friend," said an active man of

affairs, addressing a youth of dudish proclivi-

ties and languid graces, "what have you accom-plished in this world? What can you do better than any other man?"
"Web, for one thing I can keep alive easier than you can."

Charity, Sweet Charity. [From Munney's Weakly, ] " Madam, can't you give me something to eat haven't had a mouthful for two days." "Certainly, you poor creature. Take this

piece of chewing gum. If treated kindly, it will last you four days." Returned with Thank 2

Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)-Well, what do you want ? Tramp-Here, mum, is der pie I stold off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three eeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 'tain't hurt

A Burglar Alarm. [From the Chicago Tribune, ] Mrs. Billus (while giving Mr. B. a cuntain lecture at a late honr)-Hark! What's that? I hear a noise in the cellar. John, I'm sure it's a

burglar!
Mr. Billus (getting out of bed)—Fil fix him.
"What are you going to do John? You haven't your revolver."
(Desperately)—"I'm going to open the doors all the way down to the cellar so the infernal scoundtel can hear you talking."

Accounting for the Heat.

"Miss Obelia Rayes writes very fervidly," remarked McCorkle.

Yos, "assented McCrackle. "I understand she uses sheets of flame insteal of sheets of paper in the preparation of her manuscript."

The Critical Tramp. (From Munsey's Weekly, 1 "Shall you return to New Jersey next Sum-

mer, Bill?"
No. I shall try the White Mountains. They didn't set a good table here in Jersey." An Autumnal Advantage.



First Seedy Dude-I like cool weather for on Second Seedy Dude-What's that? "You can button your coat up to your chir without creating the suspicion that it is the ab-sence of a clean shirt that forces you to do it."



most He does not in Cans. NEW YORK. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., ST. LOUIS.



ANOTHER CASE OF WHAT IS OCCUR-RING DAILY AND HOURLY UN-DER OUR VERY EVES.

Struck down at his deek-dead. What was the matter? Only what is the matter with thousands upon thousands of others—train and nerve exhaustion from overwork, fret, worry and the cares and anxieties of the pushing and hustling age in which we live.

People without number are straining their brains and nervous resteme in the mad race after fortune and fame by overwork, discipation or other cause, and exhausting

heir nervous and physical energies until sleepless

nights, failing powers, complete nervous exhaustler, paralysis, it sanity or death must be the nevitable and unless help from some source is re-You, reader, are rushing blindly on to sure destruction. You are warned every day and every hour of your impending doom. How? By those strange sensetions, that dull, dixxy and bad feeling head, that estlessness, irritubility and nervousness; by hos more or less sleepless nights, from which you wake tired and unrefreshed; by the weak, trem-

nervous, and physical exhaustion which grow

upon you more and more. These are danger signals, and notice heed them is the felly of a feel. What is to be done? The answer is plain enough. You are lesing your nerve force and power and running down in strength, energy and vitality. Whatever will restore this lost strength and vigor to the brain and nerves will put you sgain in sound health and strength, This is precisely what Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great brain and nerve invigorant, will do. As a restorer of nerve force, a builder up of nerve power, vigor and energy, this wonderful remedy has no equal in the world. You can have no idea until you try it of its marvellous toning, strengthening and invigorating effects, its beneficial and healthful action assa brain and nerve restorative. It is purely regetable and perfectly harmless, and can be obtained at any drug tore for \$1 per bettle.

Read This and Do Not Neglect Yourself One Moment Longer.
From constant surry over business matters I suffered

from loss of sleep and became so nervous that I was entirely unfitted for my hariness and was compelled to give it up. In fact, I feared insunity. Seeing Dr. Greene's Nervura spoken of so highly, I obtained a bottle and commenced its use. The effect was almost magical. I could again sleep, mental composure, appetite and strength returned. Six bottles of this remedy cured me and I have remained well to this date. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura to many my friends and neighbors and have yet to learn of a fall ure to obtain good results. S W. NOURSE, Hudson, Mess, Dr. Greene, the famous specialist in the cure of nerrous and chronic diseases, of 35 West 14th st. New

Credit to All: West Side Installment Co., 230 6th ave. A full line of Ladies and Gentlemen's Gottleing for Fall and Winter. Easy terms to all with-out security. West Side Installment Co., 230 6th ave., entrance to West Lith st.

York, can be consulted, free of charge, personally or by

TURN VEREIN'S NEW HOME. A PALATIAL MANSION JUST COMPLETED

FOR THEM IN YORKVILLE.

They Will Take Possession To-Night After a Terchilght Parade-Two Years Have Been Spent in Its Erection-Conveniences for the Members in the way of Handsome Rooms.

"A sound body makes a sound mind."

This is the English translation of an inscrip tion over the grand entrance to one of the handsomest buildings of upper New York, and the largest Turn Hall in the country. It is the new home of the Central Turn Verein of New York, and is located just east of Third avenue on the north side of Sixty-seventh street. It is the work of two years, under the supervision of Architect Albert Wagner. The building is 175 feet front by 100 deep, and 130 feet

The grand entrance reveals a beautiful lobby in pure marble and broad marble staircases, lighted by an immense chandetter provided with electric and gas jets. The main assembly and ballroom and theatre occupies the whole of the top floor, and is one of the most capacious and brilliant ballrooms in the city, with a stage twenty-five feet deep at

high. The front is of yellow pressed brick.

n the city, with a same in the castern end.
On the other floors are reception-rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, cloak-rooms, smoking-rooms, fencing-rooms, shower, sita On the other floors are reception-rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, cloak-rooms, smoking-rooms, fencing-rooms, shower, sitz and plunge baths.

Last evening the press were given a private view of the building and a reception by the Building Comm ttee; and to-night the Central Turn Verein will take formal possession of their new home and begin gayest of festivities, which will continue three days and nights.

The new building will cost them nearly \$1,000,000, only \$350,000 of which has been spent in advance of the Verein's ability. Jacob Ruppert has a mortgage on the property for that amounts.

Ruppert has a mortgage on the property for that amount.

This evening the members will gather at the old hall in East Seventy-seventh street, and will give a torchlight parade brilliant with fireworke, which will end at the hall, where the architect will deliver the keys to Jacob Ruppert, Chairman of the Building Committee, and he in turn to Judge Charles J. Nehrbas, President of Central Turn Verein.

There is a school for children of members connected with the Turn Verein, and Instructor George Brosens teaches 800 little boys and girls, most of whom are attendants at the public schools, every afternoon from 4 to 7 oclock the art of physical culture. Other studies are taught by competent tutors.

On Monday these children will assemble at 4 oclock at the old building, parade through many streets, and finally gather at the new hall, where, in the evening, they will give an entertainment.

SKUNKTOWN'S NAME.

Blackbird, an Indian Historian and Grams marian, Shows It's Derivation. Blackbird, the Ottawa and Chippewa historian and grammarian, according to the Ypsilantian, saya Chicago is derived from she-gog-ong," the locative case of 'she-gog," an Ottawa word meaning skunk; and in his grammar he illustrates with these

LOCATIVE. She-gog-oug ne-de-zhaw, I am going to Chicago. She-gog-ong ne-do-je-baw, I come from She-gog-ong e-zhawn, go to Chicago. OBJECTIVE.

declensions:

She gog ke-ne-saw, you kill the skunk. She gog-won o-ne-sawn, he kills the skunk. A Base Advantage.

She-gog ne-ne-saw, I kill the skunk.

"Do you like the national game, Miss Highfiyer ?" Baseball 7 Yes, indeed. There's only one thing in it I don't like."

"Yes? And that?"

"Is because the players seem to take all the base advantage they can."
And it was not until long after that it flashed across the Gothamite that she referred to "stealing second."

DYSENTERY in children oured by MONELL'S TRETS-ing Condial. Price 25 cents. Give it a trial.